

JUNIOR SENATOR FROM OHIO



Photo by Moffett Studio, Chicago.

Charles Dick of Akron was elected to the United States senate to fill the seat made vacant by the death of Mark Hanna in 1904. Mr. Dick was closely associated with Hanna in the preliminary canvass for McKinley's nomination and subsequent general campaign. He is greatly interested in National Guard affairs and is author of the Dick military bill.

SHIP OFF TO RESCUE.

HOPE IS TO SAVE FOUR MEN MAROONED ON ALASKA ISLAND.

Quartet Was Dispatched by a Commercial Company to Trap Foxes on Chirikof a Full Year Ago.

Seattle, Wash.—Four men marooned for the last year on Chirikof island, a rocky mountain top jutting out of the sea to the south and east of the Alaska peninsula, are now safe in Squaw Harbor, Alaska, or dead of

starvation. Three weeks ago the schooner Hunter was sent to their aid by the Alaska Commercial company, but it will be several weeks at the earliest, before news of their fate reaches here.

The four men were sent out by the company to trap foxes on the island one year ago and fitted out with provisions enough to last them for a few months. Additional supplies were promised them immediately. At the end of three months the schooner St. Paul was stored with provisions and started for the relief of the impris-

oned trappers, whose supply of food, it was judged, was almost gone. The St. Paul never returned.

After a delay of two months another schooner was sent out for the island, and with orders to search for the St. Paul, or news of her. This second craft, also, has disappeared, overwhelmed, it is thought, in one of the violent storms that raged for several days after her departure.

Then a small steamer was supplied with provisions and started out, but a short distance at sea she became disabled and returned to port at Squaw Harbor, where she has been since under repair.

Meanwhile friends of the four trappers in Squaw Harbor and Unga became frantic with the thought of their old comrades alone for over a year on the barren island, with food enough to last them but a few months, and the schooner Hunter had gone to make the fourth attempt to rescue the men. It is hoped that the trappers will be able to kill enough foxes on the island to supply them with food, but as the tale is small, it is feared that they killed off all the animals in the first few months of their imprisonment, before it became apparent to them that their supplies were not to arrive on time.

Chirikof island is extremely difficult of approach, being surrounded with submerged rocks, and friends of the men believe that the rescuing schooners were wrecked while trying to make land. If this is the case, the quartet on the island may have been re-enforced by the crews of the vessels.

This news came from Alaska on the brigantine John D. Spreckels, 22 days from Unga, which also brought word of the death of two men in Alaska waters by drowning. One of these was "Dirty Face" Andrew, a well-known character around Unga, whose real name was Andrew Larsen.

In company with Martin Anderson, a fellow fisherman, Larsen started from Unga in a sailboat on May 4 bound for Sand Point. Outside of Unga, as darkness came on, they ran upon the rocks off Cross island, and Larsen was drowned.

Anderson managed to grasp a rock and to this he clung during the night. At low water, when the men were wrecked, the rock stood a few inches above water, but at high tide waves broke over it continually with such force that the sailor was swept into the sea time and again. But he managed to fight his way back to the rock, and in the morning he was picked up by a native in a dory. Shortly before this a fisherman was drowned at Johnson's Harbor.

A PERFECT TERROR.



Horace—Yes, I'm a fearful fellow when I'm roused.

Maud—Really! What time do they waken you?

CUTICURA CURED FOUR

Southern Woman Suffered with Itching, Burning Rash—Three Little Babies Had Skin Troubles.

"My baby had a running sore on his neck and nothing that I did for it took effect until I used Cuticura. My face was nearly full of tetter or some similar skin disease. It would itch and burn so that I could hardly stand it. Two cakes of Cuticura Soap and a box of Cuticura Ointment cured me. Two years after it broke out on my hands and wrist. Sometimes I would go nearly crazy for it itched so badly. I went back to my old stand-by, that had never failed me—one set of Cuticura Remedies did the work. One set also cured my uncle's baby whose head was a cake of sores, and another baby who was in the same fix. Mrs. Lillie Wilcher, 770 Eleventh St., Chattanooga, Tenn., Feb. 16, 1907."

Costly Popularity.

France's cruiser Leon Gambetta is named after the famous politician, who died on December 31, 1882. In the times of his intense popularity Gambetta had an experience which he was wont to tell against himself. In Paris admirers unyoked his horses and dragged the carriage to his house. Gambetta would narrate this with an air of pride, and he would add, with a smile: "But I never saw my horses again!"

The Wife Did It All.

Hewitt—Couldn't you get the person you called up by telephone?

Jewett—Oh, yes.

Hewitt—But I didn't hear you say anything.

Jewett—It was my wife I called.

We tarnish the splendor of our best actions by too often speaking of them.

WOULD EXTERMINATE CATS.

Massachusetts Man Says Felines Are Menace to Health.

Boston.—If Edward Howe Forbush, state ornithologist, has his way, there will be not a cat left within the state of Massachusetts next year. In his report to the governor for the fiscal year just ending, after dilating on the depredations of felines in general, he winds up with the startling request that the legislature empower him to kill all the cats within the state. He says:

"To get the most good out of the state we must kill the cats. They destroy thousands of birds each year, working irreparable injury to crops, be-ides, through infection, being mainly responsible for the spread of cholera, diphtheria, tuberculosis, small pox and sundry diseases."

Sarcasm.

"Much obliged to you, son," said old Titefyst to the youngster who had run several blocks on an errand for him, "here's a penny for ye."

"Don't tempt me, pop," replied the bright boy, "if I took all dat money I might buy an auto wid it an' get pinched fur 'scorchin'."—Philadelphia Press.

To Raze a Big Indian Mound

West Virginia Man Says Sentiment Can No Longer Save It.

Moundsville, W. Va.—D. F. McFadden, who owns the historic mound here erected by the race antedating the Indians, and which gave the place its name, announces that sentimental considerations are no longer adequate to prevent him from removing that pile of earth and its contents to give place to modern improvements.

Several years ago McFadden was tempted to cut the property up into building lots, but he was induced to delay. A subscription was started among school children to purchase the mound, but the amount raised was too small. The owner again intimated he could not afford to allow the property to remain in its present shape, paying taxes upon it and getting no returns. Various plans for purchasing the mound have been suggested, but no definite steps have been taken and now McFadden announces he will start to remove the mound unless he is given positive assurance that it will be purchased from him at a fair price.

When the work of removal starts, it does, it is expected that the bones

of many human beings, together with implements and utensils of the Mound Builders, will be disclosed. Many valuable historical specimens have already been taken from the mound, which covers the space that would be occupied by an ordinary city block. It is 900 feet in circumference and about 75 feet high.

Pardon in Mails 18 Years.

Columbus, O.—Eighteen years after George Swanston completed his one-year sentence in the penitentiary for violating the United States pension laws, having been sent up from Youngstown, a full and complete pardon arrived at the institution the other day, signed by Benjamin Harrison, then president of the United States, and William F. Wharton, his acting secretary of state. The original letter containing the pardon was received here the other day from St. Louis. It is dated at Washington, September 3, 1890, at 6 p. m. It was stamped at Columbus, September 4, in the evening. It is probable that the letter has been lying in some post office for years.

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